

THE HICKMAN COURIER,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
GEORGE WARREN,
HICKMAN, KY.

OFFICE—HEINZ BUILDING, CLINTON STREET

GEORGE WARREN, Editor.

Price of Subscription, : : \$2

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BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

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Where the hills are green and dry;
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Where the mousies grew on the old spring stalk;

And the foxes, too, that the fadins bring—
Of the fading moments passing there—

The spring was bright where we used to drink.

And how the laughter of boy and girl
In the bushes where we brook'd dry;

With dainty glimmers of sunny earth,

And the sunbeams that the summer light;

Shout of Heaven through an open sink,

And the gurgling brook;

Beside the spring where we used to drink.

The days are gone which were joyous,

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THE SACK OF DIAMONDS.

None but old inhabitants remember Dr. Grambois, *Le Pharamond*, whose drug-store is at the corner of Esplanade and Burgundy streets. He was a native of Marseilles, perfectly versed in the science and practice of his profession, and so well acquainted with the diseases of this country that he gave useful advice to those who resorted to his *pharmacie*.

The business of a New Orleans druggist is in one respect somewhat like that of a soldier. There are periods of activity and repose, in both. When an epidemic or pestilence is abroad, the druggist is busily employed. When the public health was restored and the city slumbered through her *siesta* of the summer, and in Andalusian beauty, Dr. Grambois would sit on the banquette before his shop, to daydream *au gracieux* as the evening Gulf breeze blew the noble Espalade, while the Creole girls, sipping dropping in, one by one, would find spacious chairs and a hearty welcome.

They would exchange greetings and talk of their homes and friends from France, or from the parishes. The soleitude of the Creole of that period rarely went beyond home and motherland.

Dr. Grambois long since realized the dream of every Frenchman. He has acquired a competency and returned to France.

As the topics of talk at *Le Pharamond* Grambois have become traditional, it will not be unacceptable to those interested in the earlier customs of our people to read sketches of those days from the narration of the old men who have remembered them.

What is known, as a veritable legend, the history, "D'un sac en cuir plein de diamants."

"It was," said the narrator, "in the year 1842. I was a clerk in the mercantile firm of Le Roux, Charles, established in Rue Bonaparte, Paris, and been, as my old friends remember, sent to France for education. It was a mistake common among our people at that time. It is much better to train up youth in the country in which they are born, than to send them to Europe."

"Le Roux," interposed Le Pere Renaud, "Je preferre aller à Mexico. Je n'aime pas le coqueterie."

The old gentleman arose, walked a few steps on his *battoeux*, took a prolonged *prixe* of course granulated Perique tobacco, and a small silver box, and sat down.

The education of Mr. Paul went on, to the consternation of the Creole, who were many in Paris, to assemble in our counting rooms after business hours, as we do here, to hear and tell the news. A letter, or a newspaper, was then a special communication, and was less welcome than the arrival of the handbills from the young bladders at *Bayou au Chene*, with the scenes on the *scoufet*, which had occasioned it. The marriage of some, or possibly the separation of *biens et du corps* of some incongruous and improvident couple, or the death of some old soul, or the share of each *heriteur*, all of which would revive the memory of the persons mentioned and furnish subjects of conversation.

"The head of our house had transacted in Mexico, South America, so that our persons deplored it, that quarter of the world came sometimes to our house to learn casual news or to talk about people or events which had in former times interested them."

One evening there came the citizen Le Roux, he was an *heriteur*, an officer commanding, perhaps with one Constable. Anyhow he had to sell the chairs and tables of the poor, which duty he disliked, and would say that he would rather belong to *le corps du Douane*, and fight with the thieves and smugglers, than with the *heretiers* and *succession* lawyers. He had a mule and a saddle, for he had been a soldier of the Emperor to the last, and though now advanced in years was a man of strong frame, yet kindly in his manners, as such brave men usually are.

"We were speaking of the good fortune of an acquaintance in the cochineal trade, who had bought a quantity of that commodity from Guatemala across to the ports of Mexico during the winter, when Spain and England were at war; how he had made a sum total of silver dollars through Mexico, through the honesty of the *arrereros* of that country and in spite of the ladrones on the one side and the Custom-House officers on the other."

"I may lose my contract of passage to France?"

"You will better do so."

"All this occurred as intended. My journey was into, and through the forest; it passed estates of sugar, coffee, and fruits. We crossed streams on rude ferries, crossed over the luxuriant trees, and flowers, with the parrot, the parrotito, and the monkeys—one there was a serpent and once a sight of a Brazilian tiger."

"Varum, messieurs, une tige véritable avec les rags noir.

"At the end of the third day our guide told us that we were near the mountains. We arrived in the night at a *venta*, in a solitary place. My guide spoke a few words to the proprietor, who ordered the mule to be taken. The baggage was carried into a room at Le Roux, and I remained in that *venta* for two days. All my wants were supplied, but no one asked me any questions. I had become tired of this uncertainty, when one day an Indian came to me and spoke to me, and up to the door of the *venta*. I heard him say:

"Is there a Frenchman here?"

"There is an *estranger*."

"Senor, the Indian asked, 'are you a Frenchman?'

"I am."

"I mean you will follow me."

"You will follow me," he repeated, "if you wish, or you will return. It is with you. It is the message of the *arrero*."

"Why should I fear for my life? What value was that to any except myself?"

"It was certainly unnecessary for him to advise me. I turned my mule from the pathway into the forest, took the leather strap and instrument of my shoulder and proceeded to conceal it in some place in which no one would be apt to find it but myself. I had nothing but a knife with which to make an excavation.

I worked for several hours, and having food for myself, led my mule to water and to a *charcoal* fire, which he seemed to like, and toiled late into the night. When the day appeared I marked the way from the pathway in the most prudent manner possible, and taking my mule and its cargo, somewhat diminished in value by the deposit, reached the *charcoal* at six o'clock. I was saluted by a pocket guard. They looked at me with suspicion, but proceeded immediately to examine my charcoal. It was emptied out of the sack on the ground. I was searched and about to be stripped, which would have shown a marked difference in the color of my legs and body, when the Sergeant said:

"Peste! Diabol! En avant!"

"And so we departed. During the day the guide halted and said:

"Senor, we must now bandage your eyes."

"Decidedly this was becoming more mysterious; but my curiosity and interest in the case put aside all fear, and I rode with the guide, with my eyes as if I had been playing *cachet cache* for a treasure. So, I again cried, *en avant!*

"Upon this reply he couldn't have

known that I was a Mexican carrier."

"I had myself a chance to have made a copy of the manuscript, but my mules were not protected so well."

"And your copy, Mons. Le Roux?"

asked the head of the house.

"You shall hear. It was after the fall of France into the hands of the barbarians of the North. I had been brought wounded into Paris. When I came out of the hospital there was no employment for me. Paris was in the hands of enemies. It seemed that our own people were more jealous than others. All wished to gain the favor of the Bourbons. Merchants, mechanics, modistes, barbers, bouchers, all sought the custom of the Court. I do not blame them. All must live. The Emperor and his soldiers were at the bottom of the well.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names; They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James, Jems and Jemmy, and Jim be known. What would you think if I told you The boys in the street ran after him, Shouting out loudly, "Jim! Hey, J-i-m-m!" Until he answered, and let her know.

Sounds like a jingle, don't it? Jim Crow.

And little Jabel out in the hall, "Jims! Jim-sig," would sweetly call, Until he answered, and let her know.

What would you think if I told you Grandpa who was dignified, And held his head with an air of pride, Didn't believe in abridging names, And said, "I'll call him Jim."

But if you ever wanted him, Crip and curst was the summons, "Jim!" That would make the boy in his errands run Much faster than he did before.

Blatty P. (Pompey) would run, it seems, Just as fast as he could, Call him anything else but "Jems," And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVay, Called him "Jim" he'd stop dead.

But wester and deader than all the rest, Was the one pet name he liked the best: "Darling!" he heard it wherever he was, For now he lost his mother called him "Son."

—St. Nicholas.

UNCLE FELIX'S STORY.

In the sun, under a tall tree, Uncle Felix sat, under the willows, down by the creek for hours and hours. When the fish were in a biting humor Uncle Felix didn't like company, but when his line hung idle in the water he would tell stories from noon until well down.

"Dad, I've got a bigger and dat big fish skelt off inter deep water wen day hears folks a chinnin'," he would remark, by way of apology for refusing to entertain the boys on busy occasion.

One afternoon the boys came along and asked by what means, Uncle Felix didn't eat anything, they began to paw the way for a story. Charlie had a little book of "nonsense rhymes" in his pocket and, opening it at a place where a leaf was turned down, he pretended to be strongly influenced by the correspondent.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The Pope's Regularities.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. appears to be a decidedly exacting personage, if we may trust the account given of him by the Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*. The most striking fact about him is his apparent desire to be the slave to which his character is known either by the faithful at home or by the inmates of the Vatican. Every one knew how Pope IX. lived; his hours were allotted beforehand, and the same duties always performed at the same moment. There is a total want of this regularity in his successor. He keeps no hours, and has sometimes been found by his servants at his desk in the early morning half dazed after writing through the night. His taste in food has served to him in the greatest privacy, is known more sparing of audience than Pope IX., and even his State Secretary and the Cardinals can only see him at irregular intervals. The great innovation he has made is his partial suppression of those who have been his personal official, who, under Pope IX., practically administered the affairs of the papal See. He has set on foot a chancery of his own, consisting of three Private Secretaries, and conducts his affairs with their aid quite independently of the State Secretary, and often over his house. It is not unfrequently happens that orders go down to the Bishops from the State Secretary, and are canceled in a day or two by different orders from the Pope, or that the Pope's personal private secretary to His Holiness tells him that he is in a particular matter in such a way, merely in order to be told that the Pope himself had already settled it in quite a different way. One thing is clear, that Leo XIII. means to be his own master, and the boy is named Jefferson, arre me Lemme kiss him about four times."

The boy was duly kissed and consoled, and at the next station he was吻ed with his mother. The old man was tickled half to death over the matter, until the conductor came along and asked:

"Did you pay her anything to name that baby after you?" It's a clipper, and don't you forget it."

"And so is his mother. She's down in the Detroit House of Correction, and the woman who had him takes care of him for two dollars a week!"

"Fact."

The old man's jaw fell, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling for a minute, and then he fell back in his seat with a groan. "The boy is named Jefferson," he continued, "but the lady of the house is selected by no means equally evident. But Leo comes from the country of the Cicocci, and it is believed in Italy that a man from that district is commonly rather deep—a notion which is easily set to be strengthened by the

correspondent.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

How to Paralyze a "Master."

The Baltimore American gives ladies a hint for the paralysis of "masters," Here is:

"The boy has only to set his eyes more down and fix her gaze intently on the feet of the masters. The glance at the feet should be concentrated, yet full of pity and should linger slightly as the lady passes. Instead of the whole plateau of the room, is selected by the conductress and different the sympathetic look terror to their sons. They all cast down their eyes, and look at their own feet. The horrible fear that their shoes are not in the latest style takes possession of them, and now they're right! Conductor?"

"Well." Please mop the floor with me and break my neck, and step on me a thousand, and then throw the mangled mess into some swamp, for it won't be more good in this world!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Twigs and Leaves.

Dryden has this to say: "What the child must do, is to sit down, and the man acquire?" No need of spurs to the little Handel or the boy Bach to study music, when once staled with the art."

"Clow!—Everybody has called me a fool for the past twenty years, and now I know they were right!" Conductor?

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FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1881.

Local Items.

FOR CITY MARSHAL.
We are authorized to announce Dr. J. W. Luton, of Fulton, as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman and Fulton in the Lower House of the next State Legislature.

We are authorized to announce C. M. Vaughn as a candidate for re-election to represent the counties of Fulton and Hickman in the Lower House of the next Kentucky Legislature.

Rev. W. T. Bolling is visiting Hounds.

FOR THE CHEAPEST Canned Goods in town go to J. W. ROGERS.

A negro man had two fingers clipped off at Herkert & Baltzer's factory, Wednesday morning.

The steamer Silverthorn is on a trip to St. Louis, carrying a cargo of Florida pine, from Columbus.

3 MILCH COWS FOR SALE!

Apply at this office.

Judge Jno. W. Wingate was snake bit, Wednesday morning, while examining a hen's nest. No serious result.

Mr. Robert Mitchell, of Obion county, was drowned in Reelfoot lake, last week, reports the Union City Anchor.

A. M. BROWN & CO. make a specialty of Cigars, Tobaccos and Snuff.

The ravages of the worm on the corn crops is fearful, and alarming. Some farmers have abandoned their crops.

Mr. R. Bass, of this county, showed us the first cotton bloom we have seen this season, Thursday. Who can beat it?

SUNLIGHT FLOUR,

F. E. CASE'S.

We offer this paragraph as evidence that color blindness is universal. While to every one who reads it, it will appear black, it is actually red.

GOOD GRAIN FLOUR, Oat Meal and Cracked Wheat, at J. W. ROGERS.

A cyclone passed over Mayfield, Ky.,

Tuesday evening last, tearing the roof off the new mill at that place damaging it about \$3,000. Several houses were also blown down.

The two papers heretofore printed at Troy, have been consolidated, and will henceforth appear as the Troy News-Banner.

This consolidation is a sensible move, and we wish them a happy union.

If you want any kind of tinware, go to J. W. ROGERS'.

The Fulton Index claims the largest circulation of any paper in Hickman or Fulton counties. We for a few months newspaper experience, has made Hugh Saunders a leader of a story teller.

CURRENTS, PRUNES and MACKEREL, fresh at J. W. ROGERS'.

The pictures of one Dr. Marchis, which disfigure the "patent outside," of many of our exchanges, should be interdicted by law. The old curmudgeon looks like he died of green apples and sauer kraut.

The New Madrid outlaws, Myers, Brown and Mitchell, were tried at New Madrid last week, and Myers and Brown were sentenced to be hung on July 15, and Mitchell goes to the penitentiary for 30 years.

If you want No. 1 Mackerel, 5 for 25c, or Mackerel in kits or tin cans, from 75c to \$1.10 apiece, go to J. W. ROGERS'.

PREPARES are being made for a grand celebration at Cairo on the 4th of July. Excursion rates will be given from all surrounding towns. Senator Dan Voorhees is expected to be present and address the people.

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LARGE numbers of German female help, to be obtained from Baltimore, Md., by payment of passage money from Baltimore to the place desired. Address A. Schumaker & Co. They will not guarantee the efficiency of the people, but parties must pay the transportation of these laborers and take the risk of being sued. Different towns in Tennessee are preparing to make the experiment. Emigrant rate from Baltimore to Hickman \$15.00.

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FACTS, FANCIES, SENTIMENT
Flashes of Home Society Stories.

"Happy that man,
Content to live upon his own ground."

I wonder what it is that makes a people hardy! I see the ever passing humanity, ranked, graded, and classed, each bearing his burden, and each coveting expedients to lessen the load. The weary plowman plods his homeward way, hoping for the harvest; the factory whistles 'rouses the drowsy operatives dreaming of a place where "time" counts no more; the merchant and trader speculates of "futures"; freed from chance, and the professional man delves over lore which teaches a deliverance from present cares.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

We are authorized to announce Dr. J. W. Luton, of Fulton, as a candidate to represent the counties of Hickman and Fulton in the Lower House of the next State Legislature.

We are authorized to announce C. M. Vaughn as a candidate for re-election to represent the counties of Fulton and Hickman in the Lower House of the next Kentucky Legislature.

Rev. W. T. Bolling is visiting Hounds.

FOR THE CHEAPEST Canned Goods in town go to J. W. ROGERS.

A negro man had two fingers clipped off at Herkert & Baltzer's factory, Wednesday morning.

The steamer Silverthorn is on a trip to St. Louis, carrying a cargo of Florida pine, from Columbus.

3 MILCH COWS FOR SALE!

Apply at this office.

Judge Jno. W. Wingate was snake bit, Wednesday morning, while examining a hen's nest. No serious result.

Mr. Robert Mitchell, of Obion county, was drowned in Reelfoot lake, last week, reports the Union City Anchor.

A. M. BROWN & CO. make a specialty of Cigars, Tobaccos and Snuff.

The ravages of the worm on the corn crops is fearful, and alarming. Some farmers have abandoned their crops.

Mr. R. Bass, of this county, showed us the first cotton bloom we have seen this season, Thursday. Who can beat it?

SUNLIGHT FLOUR,

F. E. CASE'S.

We offer this paragraph as evidence that color blindness is universal. While to every one who reads it, it will appear black, it is actually red.

GOOD GRAIN FLOUR, Oat Meal and Cracked Wheat, at J. W. ROGERS.

A cyclone passed over Mayfield, Ky.,

Tuesday evening last, tearing the roof off the new mill at that place damaging it about \$3,000. Several houses were also blown down.

The two papers heretofore printed at Troy, have been consolidated, and will henceforth appear as the Troy News-Banner.

This consolidation is a sensible move, and we wish them a happy union.

If you want any kind of tinware, go to J. W. ROGERS'.

The Fulton Index claims the largest circulation of any paper in Hickman or Fulton counties. We for a few months newspaper experience, has made Hugh Saunders a leader of a story teller.

CURRENTS, PRUNES and MACKEREL, fresh at J. W. ROGERS'.

The pictures of one Dr. Marchis, which disfigure the "patent outside," of many of our exchanges, should be interdicted by law. The old curmudgeon looks like he died of green apples and sauer kraut.

The New Madrid outlaws, Myers, Brown and Mitchell, were tried at New Madrid last week, and Myers and Brown were sentenced to be hung on July 15, and Mitchell goes to the penitentiary for 30 years.

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COURIER QUERY BOX.

Absent Fulton People.

John Coffee is at Malden, Mo. Baker Boyd, lawyer, Owensboro, Ky. Bill Green, Coal is at Maysville, Ark. Lewis McDaniel is at Little Rock, Ark. Bill Blinford luxuriates St. Louis home.

Nat. M. Bass is a merchant, Durant, Minn. George Herron, broker, St. Paul, Minn.

Ben. D. Thompson, mer-hant, Malden, Misouri.

John Mays, druggist, Carutherville, Misouri.

Wm. Frenz, a leading merchant of Milan, Tenn.

E. B. Walker, is a druggist, Louisville, Kentuck.

John Steele, is book-keeping, in Paducah, Ky.

John Forbes, railroading, Memphis, Tenn.

Thos. B. Calborn, whisky gauger, Rockwood, Va.

John C. Jamison, is a grocery merchant, Nashville, Tenn.

Charlie King and brothers, merchants, Corydon, Ky.

Joe Plaut, wholesale merchant, St. Louis.

John N. Forbes, railroading, Memphis, Tenn.

John C. Jamison, is a grocery merchant, Nashville, Tenn.

W. B. Benny is a merchant at Richland, Kentucky.

John C. Perry, is a princely merchant, Tipperary, Tenn.

Wm. M. McConnell, attorney at law, Breckinridge, Texas.

Antonio Witten, is a successful physician, Evansville, Ind.

Arch. E. Brevard, is a dealer in furniture, Paducah, Ky.

John C. Powell, is a farmer and leg merchant, Belmont, Mo.

Ab. Turner, book-keeper for E. H. Wilson & Co., New Orleans.

John C. Powell, is a successful physician, Tipterville, Tenn.

Billie Boles, is chief clerk at the Peabody Hotel, Memphis, Tenn.

J. K. Lane, is a saloon, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Charles Margrav and Mike Murphy are dealers in beer, St. Louis, Mo.

Tom. D. Hayes, clerking in wholesale dry goods house, Texarkana, Ark.

John J. Robinson, is a merchant at Robins, Ark., near Kemp, Texas.

Ray N. and John P. Payette, Newell, Ark., are house and shop painters.

Johnnie Perry, son of Alex. Perry, is a builder and contractor, New Iberia, La.

Nathan, Abe and Joe Plaut, are wholesale dry goods house, and also Reuben Shadwell, Belvoir, Ark.

Ben. F. McGhee is cattle trading in the West, head-quarters Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Robert Davis, son of Col. J. H. Davis, book-keeper in railroad office, Brinkley, Arkansas.

Robt. Davis, and his brother, Billie, and Steagall boys have business headquarters at Cairo, Ill.

Ed. W. Warren, house Painter, has a position in Government printing office, Washington City, from which he is likely to be ousted in December.

John Cheatum, Esq., one time Mayor of Hickman, is in the furniture factories at Union City, Tenn.

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The Oldest Newspaper in Western Kentucky.

George Warren, Editor.
Price of Subscription, \$2.
FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1881.

How do the candidates for the Legislature stand on the senatorial succession? Beck or anti-Beck?

Since a Kentucky Legislature will not pass a whipping post law for the punishment of petty offenders, how would it do to work petty larceny convicts and vagrants on the county roads?

HOW ALLEN G. THURMAN writes to his son from Paris, stating that he can not accept the Democratic nomination in Ohio, and prefers the opinion that if the Democrats believe themselves they can carry every doubtful State next fall.

An important suit was filed last week, in Paducah, to remove to the Circuit Court of the United States the case of Commonwealth vs. Jesse Eliot, et al. This case is intended to test the constitutionality of the colored school tax in Kentucky.

A law passed at the last session of the Illinois Legislature makes the carrying of concealed weapons a penitentiary offense. Boys are not allowed to have fire arms under any circumstances. The law will go into effect about the third of July.

The Legislative race don't seem to "pan out" much excitement in these parts. The candidates will have to bestir themselves or it will go by default so far as many voters are concerned. People don't talk about it; and when they do are mostly non-committal.

NO SENATOR IN NEW YORK YET. The dead lock continues, and public interest has ceased to center on the result, it appearing that no election can be reached by the present Legislature. The bribery investigation is going on, showing corruption in both Republican wings. The Democrats laugh.

COT. TOW BROWN, the murderer of Judge Eliot, who has been enjoying the hospitalities of the Anchorage Lunatic Asylum, at the expense of the State, took "French leave" last week, and visited Louisville. The Colonel, being interviewed, says "he's all a-fare, and he wants the people to know it."

Tax reduction of pay on the Star routes, without inconvenience to mail service, amounts to \$1,000,000. When it is cut down \$200,000 more, the institution will be a self-paying one. It might have been so years ago but for the rapidly sealing that has been going on in that department.

The Greenbackers are enlarging their boundaries. At their State Convention in Iowa last week they adopted resolutions against monopolies, favoring women suffrage, and sympathizing with the Irish Land League. They then nominated a State ticket, putting up Mrs. Mary E. Nash for Superintendent of Public Instruction.

GEN. GRANT talks freely and pointedly about the attempt of Garfield, Blaine & Co., to crush Conkling. To a Chicago interviewer Grant said:

"If you want to know what I think of the manner in which Mr. Conkling has been treated by the President and by his colleagues in the Senate, I will tell you without any hesitation. I think it is most outrageous."

From every section of this glorious Union come cheering reports of prosperity, thrift, and increasing business, and so far as can be present discerned, no clouds of adverse portent are lowering over our future prospects. The speedy disruption of the Republican party, which may as well be considered, will leave our people in a frame of mind so happy and festive that angels themselves may almost envy our unparalleled condition.

THE NEW YORK EVENING MAIL thinks it not improbable that electric power will soon be used to drive carriages in the avenues and in Central Park, and gives this ground for its faith, and gives this ground for its faith.

ALREADY a tricycle, weighing 400 pounds, with its occupant, has been driven through the streets of Paris by electricity, the speed of a step, and it is expected that electric power will give such vehicles a speed of fifteen miles an hour. If tricycles and bicycles can be driven so satisfactorily by the use of M. Faure's boxed electric energy, why not ordinary carriages?

There is no reason to suppose that this is the last fact, it is already announced that an omnibus is to be run by electricity at Berlin, in route being from Zehlendorf to Tellow.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON. On the last Monday evening as the sun was setting a very strange phenomenon was seen and witnessed by many of our citizens, in the appearance of a statue, bust, or figure of a man, in the heavens. There was in a cloud the figure appearing to be about thirty feet high, showing a perfectly well developed head and face, body and arms, and a sword at his side. After several minutes this object disappeared still position facing the church in Vienna, then on the back of a cloud of many colors moved eastward slowly out of sight. This was a remarkable instance of a coming change in human belief for the better, seeing and worshiping God in the true way, in being good and doing good—Vienna (H) Times.

\$50,000 in a Lottery.

MEREDITH J. ALEX. McCACKREY, a young farmer residing in Newberry, Tenn., came to Memphis this morning and deposited with the Union and Planters Bank, this city, for collection, one-half of ticket No. 151, which won the capital prize of \$500,000.00 in the Louisiana lottery drawing that took place at New Orleans last Thursday. Some weeks ago he sent to New Orleans for half a ticket in the grand drawing, and was not aware that he had won the \$500,000.00 fortunate winner of \$500,000. He is a hard-working and industrious young man, and has not lost his equanimity by the lucky turn of the wheel of fortune. McCackrey was reared near Holly Springs, Miss., and comes of a good family.

France boasts that she is more than supply her people with native grown wheat next year.

One of the sessions at Albany last week was that of Senator Scott, Southern fan that he had been offered a United-States Marshalship by Johnny Davenport last May, in behalf of the Administration, to secure his vote for an Administration Senator. This is a very bad business for the Administration.

THE CROPS.

The accounts of the coming corn crop are quite favorable from the Western States. In Indiana the spring weather has been good, the corn generally up and looks well. Kansas names the report is much the same. In Mississippi the corn is several feet high, and in Texas also. In Nebraska the crop prospects are good, and the best ever known. The corn from Alabama is also very favorable. In some parts of Mississippi the corn has had to be replanted in consequence of the heavy rains.

WHEAT, OATS, ETC.

The army worm is producing some alarm in many places. In Kentucky the prospects for the wheat crop are most flattering. Nothing so far has damaged the wheat. The reports from Indiana are that the wheat crop, notwithstanding the frosty winter, is looking well. The farmers of Missouri and Nebraska have had a larger acreage than usual, and the outlook is most favorable. The wheat harvest has begun in reality, and the quality is better than at any time for the last ten years. Current prospects over the whole State are reported as most promising.

FRUITS—PEACHES.

Kansas has been very active in planting trees and preparing for the market for several years. Many of the orchards of the past winter in this state is called the "Arkansas Valley," there will be a large crop of this delightful and wholesome fruit. In Indiana the peach crop is also well. The farmers in the Middle West, who are an orchard of 20,000 peach trees, says that the crop will be unusually large.

ANOTHER EDITION OF THE REVIS- TESTAMENT.

Among the editions of the revised New Testament, including the American reprint, all the readings and renderings preferred by the American Committee of Revision" are relegated to a back seat in a list appended to the work, or at most put into foot notes, leaving many to recall the original and continuing in the text. An edition of the Revised Standard Version of the New Testament in four volumes, is now in preparation, and is to be published in October. It is another interesting sight, indeed, to see what will be done in this field.

MOTHER SHILTON AND OTHERS.

In some portions of Kentucky the crop has been injured by frost and rain. The fruit is killed in many places. Notwithstanding the poor crop, one of the largest frugrowers in the Middle West, who has an orchard of 20,000 peach trees, says that the crop will be unusually large.

THE LEGISLATIVE RACE.

The candidates will have to bestir themselves or it will go by default so far as many voters are concerned. People don't talk about it; and when they do are mostly non-committal.

COTTON AND THE SOUTH.

The New York Herald does not share

Mr. Atkinson's notion that the South cannot become a great center of the cotton manufacturing industry. It regards the business as one simple of time. The South has a great deal to offer, but it is not

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